

Now Boarding Air Dragon

by Joeyespresso

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Summary: A plane crash leaves me stranded on a mysterious island in the middle of the Atlantic. But as I soon discover, this faraway island holds more secrets than I could have ever imagined.

1. Alternate Destination

****Hey guys! It's me, Joeyespresso, you know, the author that went on sabbatical. I am truly sorry about that, but I never thought that moving to a different country would turn my life upside down so much. Between packing up, getting used to everything, and adjusting my entire personality to fit the new culture, I couldn't write anything. Look at me, I'm rambling on and on. Let's get this show on the road****

I slowly stretched my arms and legs in the economy seat. The rather big jet lumbered through mile after mile of ocean and puffy clouds, experiencing typical winter mid-Atlantic turbulence. My weary eyes locked on the small bottle of Dramamine in the seat pocket in front of me. My mother had told me that I should only take one if I got too dizzy, and that moment had come now. I took a pill from the container and swallowed it without water. The effects took less than five minutes to set in. My mind and body alike drifted into a sweet slumber.

I awoke to the sound that could only be compared to an atomic bomb going off at the front of the plane. Anything and everything that wasn't tied down went flying out the car-sized hole in the right-side of the plane. The small yellow masks dropped automatically from the bulkhead above the seats. Remembering the pre-flight safety demonstration, I pulled the mask towards me and put it on quicker than I thought possible. Cold, fresh oxygen flowed straight into my nose and mouth. I grabbed the armrest as hard as I could and looked out the window. What I saw was terrifying. The wing was peppered with small holes from the debris and all of which were spewing out clear liquid which I could only assume was jet fuel. At first, I thought

that the pilots were still in control of the plane, but as the plane continued its shallow dive towards the ocean I wasn't sure if they were still alive.

As we neared the choppy ocean, I knew what was going to happen. I was going to die. I didn't want to, but I was most certainly going to. I closed my eyes and made peace with my family. It gave me comfort that I told them all that I loved them before the flight. My mind was finally at peace and patiently awaiting my demise. The plane took no longer than a minute to fall from thirty-five thousand feet to the ocean's surface. No one would survive something like that. At least no one SHOULD.

Extremely cold water slapped my senses. The plane broke into four or five main sections, and one of those sections was right in front of me. I opened my eyes for a fraction of a second and I could only see pure and utter chaos. In the two or three seconds of the initial contact with the ocean's surface, the sheer momentum of the deceleration was too much for some of my fellow passengers. Water took care of the rest of the survivors. As I too was sucked underwater, I undid the seat belt, and swam up as hard and fast as I could. My efforts paid off when I broke the surface. I sucked in copious amounts of air. I had never appreciated it as much as I had at that moment. The ocean had few waves at this time of year, but I knew that I had to get on something that floats, because I wasn't going to last much longer. My eyes searched through the relatively small amount of floating debris until they found an all too familiar yellow vest.

I wrapped it around my neck and buckled the necessary straps. It was only after that I finished putting on the flotation device that I noticed just how cold the water was. Two minutes had passed between the plane crash and me finding the vest. My fingers were already numb and I was starting to lose sensation in my feet, something that alarmed me. Quickly, I pulled the red cord on the right side of the life jacket. There was a loud whoosh and the vest was fully inflated in just a couple of seconds. It felt cold, but not nearly as much as the water. The gravity of the situation sank in quickly when I realized that there was no one near me. I was the only survivor. Before the guilt of being the only survivor set in, a small sparkle in the corner of my vision. A light, I thought. I estimated that it was eight to ten miles away. Adrenaline surged through my veins. I started swimming towards the light, occasionally stopping to catch my breath. After swimming for about an hour, my feet could finally touch solid earth. I tried standing up, but I was just so exhausted that I couldn't support my own weight. Gravity took over and I fell face first into the damp sand.

I caught my breath again and finally mustered all of my strength to stand up and get help. When I ultimately got on my trembling feet, I balanced myself on a tree. I caught sight of a small path leading through a forest. I couldn't see the end of the path, but I knew that I had to follow my only hope of finding civilization. The adrenaline was wearing off, and that was a problem since it acted as some sort of painkiller. My right leg was starting to hurt and I still couldn't feel my fingers and toes.

Before I could start going down the path, there was an audible thump behind me. I turned around and received the shock of my life. Two large, green eyes stared back at mine. My mouth opened in fear as I fully visualized the black creature staring at me. I thought about

trying to run but someone's voice behind me stopped me.

"There you are Toothless, I was wonde- wait, who's this?" the person said. Sensing that the guy knew how to control the strange beast, I turned around to face him.

"Thank God I found someone that can help me," I said to the shaded person. The sensation of relief was too much for my utterly drained body. My eyes quickly shut and the last thing I felt was the feeling that I was falling.

****Thanks for reading! Please leave your thoughts in the comments. Please, I beg of you! Next chapter will be out soon, but I promise that I won't do a sabbatical again.****

2. Miserable News and Realizations

****Hey there and welcome back! Sorry for the short first chapter, but the problem is that Word misleads me, making me think the chapter is longer than it actually is. Anyway, I hope you enjoy this new chapter.****

In the morning, the world was already abuzz with the breaking news. An American Airlines 767 has disappeared in the middle of the Atlantic. Worse still, it was winter. That meant no one would survive more than two or three hours in the near-freezing water. Rescue crews were working all night trying to find wreckage or survivors, but so far there was nothing found.

My mom had just woken up and was having breakfast. Her usual breakfast was just coffee, and today was no exception. As she drank her coffee, she checked her phone for the thousandth time. Why hadn't I told her that I arrived in London? She sent a message to my father, who was in London, furiously asking why I didn't send her a message. See, they got divorced and my dad moved to the United Kingdom because of a lucrative job offer.

She moved to the living room. Sitting down, she looked at the empty space next to her. I always sat down with her on Saturdays to watch the news. She sighed heavily, knowing that it was going to be a lonely Christmas. My sister was in college and my step-father's job required him to work the most during holidays. Still sipping on her hot coffee, she flicked on the TV and was met by the unusually stern voice of the news anchor.

"A 767 has disappeared in the Atlantic. It was a flight out of New York headed to London, officials say," he said. _My God, _my mother thought, _it couldn't be his flight, could it? _She turned the volume up on the television.

"We have no information on the flight or any of the passengers except that it was an American Airlines flight," the anchor continued. The news struck deep. My mother's mouth went wide open. Tears began to fill her eyes. She began to lose touch of the world, and her own body. Her fingers let go of the cup, and the mug broke with a loud _CRASH!_

She started weeping on the sofa. Her son. Dead. Or was he? She had heard about passengers not making their flights, which in turn

crashed. It was rare, but it provided hope, something she desperately needed at that moment. She ran back to the dining table and nearly threw herself over it trying to reach her phone. The news report had shown a 1-800 number for families to get in contact with the airline. She quickly typed the number in her Blackberry and almost broke the call button when she pressed it. The call connected quickly and a man answered the call.

"Hello and thank you for calling the American Airlines Human Resources Telephone Network, this is Simon, how may I help you?" In the background, my mother could hear pandemonium in what she could only assume the large department.

"Umâ€¦ hi, I'm calling aboutâ€¦," she sobbed audibly and checked the flight information she had left on the table the day before, "flight 962. My son was supposed to be on that flight," as my mother finished that sentence, a lone tear rolled down her face.

"Ohâ€¦ I'm so sorry. What is his name?" Simon asked, clearly flustered.

"Joey. Joey Espresso. He's fifteen years old and was seated in 39A. Now could you please tell me if he made the flight?" She held her breath, praying that I hadn't made the flight. The news she desperately needed (or didn't) was seconds away.

"Let me just type this in," it took him three or four seconds to type it in, "I'm sorry ma'am, but unfortunately he did get on the flight. I am so sorry for your loss," he said in a sympathetic voice.

My mother didn't bother responding. She just hung up, sat down at the table, put her head in between her hands, and started wailing.

* * *

><p>My eyes opened in a flash. My surroundings were very unfamiliar compared to where I had fainted. I was in a house, tucked under several layers of sheets in the bed. The house was lit only by the warm fireplace on the right side of the bed. The gentle crackling sound emitted by the fire calmed my otherwise anxious mind. I looked to the left and saw my clothes and the life jacket, still wet from my endeavor. When I saw them, that's when I noticed that I was wearing a blue nightshirt.<p>

I sat up in the bed. How did I get here? I knew that I had been in some sort-of catastrophic event, but I just couldn't remember what it was. It's as if my brain was blocking the horrific memory to protect itself from the grief. Trying harder to remember only resulted in a headache. As I rubbed my temples, I thought a little bit of fresh air would help get rid of it.

As soon as I put all of my weight on my legs, every nerve in my right shin exploded in a red-hot pain. It was so excruciating that my knees just gave out from under me. That only produced more nerves to explode in other parts of my body.

I let out a bellowing, blood-curdling scream. Everyone in the small town of Berk heard it and, being the genuinely good people they are, all ran towards the scream. Tears flooded my eyes and were rolling down my cheeks when I discovered all of my injuries. Not counting all

of the minor cuts and bruises, I had a bad case of whiplash; my right leg was dark purple, my torso was riddled with smaller bruises, but most importantly, I had one or two cracked ribs. I whimpered slightly as the pain dulled minutely. I took a couple of deep breaths and was about to take in some more when the door slammed open. Naturally, I jumped at the surprise, regretting it seconds later as my back hit the bedside table.

"Are you ok?!" everyone asked. Wide-eyed, I responded.

"Um, owâ€| yeah," I responded while trying to stand up. Wincing, I managed to stand, albeit on one leg.

"Where am I?" I asked. A teenager with brown hair and green eyes, about the same age as me, walked to the front of the crowd and answered.

"You're in Berk," he answered, "I'm Hiccup. I found you last night drenched and injured quite badly."

"Berk, huh? Is it near Iceland?" I asked while rubbing my chest.

"Iceland? Where is that?" he responded.

"Um, it's in the North Atlantic. Anyway, is there a phone I can use to call someone?" I asked. Everyone expressed confusion at the word 'phone'. Realizing that it must be a small island with no phones, I continued before they had a chance to ask.

"Can you excuse me please? I really need some fresh air."

"Oh, of course," the crowd responded. They went out the door and I caught a glimpse of white, puffy snow. I hopped on one foot until I reached the doorframe, then I held on to it. What I saw dumfounded me. Huge creatures landing in front of the people, and they continued on as if nothing had happened. Their appearance reminded me of dragons, but that couldn't be possible. Could it? Noticing my expression, the teenager walked back to me and started.

"They are our dragons. We're one of the few villages that have them," he told me.

"Dragons...I thought they didn't exist. Are they harmless?" I asked, quickly looking back at him concerned. He smiled and nodded.

"They are actually our companions. That one over there," he pointed at the blue dragon, "is Stormfly. This one over here is Bark and Belch," he continued as he pointed at the two-headed one. "That's Meatlug and Hookfang," he said as he pointed at the fat, green one and the skinny, red one.

"And finally, this is Toothless, he's mine," he concluded as he pointed to my left. I looked and saw that the black dragon was staring intently at my eyes. I stared back and recognized his eyes.

"He was there when you found me, right?" I asked. Hiccup nodded.

"Speaking of, do you think you can take me to where you found me? I can't seem to remember what happened to me and I thought that there might be some evidence as to where I was," I said as I looked back at him.

"Of course. It was actually Toothless that found you, who then led me to the waterfront. You collapsed after telling me how relieved you were finding help," he said as we began walking through the small town center. The citizens, relieved that I was alright, dispersed and continued doing their daily duties. The path we took led straight through a small forest. I got a little cold as I walked around wearing only a nightshirt, but soon we arrived at the waterfront.

"Whoaâ€¦ that wasn't there last night," Hiccup said, pointing to the debris that littered the beach. Seat backs, insulation, millions of pieces of green metal, papers, passports, and more. It was a gruesome scene, or it would have been if I could remember what it all meant. That was, until my eyes caught sight of a small safety card half buried under a seat back. I kicked the seat back off of it and gasped. My memory was restored in a flash, just because I had read the simple text: _767, American Airlines. _

"Iâ€¦ I remember now," I whispered.

"What was that?" Hiccup asked, clearly having heard what I said. I swallowed hard as my mind was flooded with the horrific memories before I spoke.

"I remember what happened now," I replied. My brain started replaying the accident vividly. I was transported back to the seconds before the crash. The plane hit the water; my head was propelled forward violently, thus giving me whiplash. The seat in front of me was broken off its support beams and smashed into on my right shin. The tray table smashed into my ribs, cracking two of them. The cabin walls broke, shooting sharp pieces of it at my face, giving me tons of small cuts. I snapped back into reality as we were joined by a few other people. A tear rolled down my cheek.

"There were like a hundred and fifty, two hundred people on that plane, all of them dead. All of them except ME," I said as I turned to look at them, tears now rolling endlessly down my cheeks. Flustered, I covered my mouth with my hands as I choked back the sobs. No-one dared say a word or make a sound; they just stayed there, staring at me and the debris. I didn't want to be seen like this, so I just closed my eyes and walked down the beach, now letting my despair take complete control of my body.

Thanks for reading! I hope you have enjoyed the story so far. I will be posting the new chapter soon (three to four days). If I don't, it will definitely be up by Friday of next week (Friday 16**th****). Well, that's that. I'm out. **

3. Not Alone Anymore

Hey people! It's me, Joeyespresso. I know, I'm late, AGAIN, but I can explain. The date I first said this chapter would be out, May 16**th****, I was on vacation in the US. When I came back, my final exams were due. That wouldn't be a problem if they were exams, but

they were actually very complex projects, so I didn't have the time to continue writing for a while. But, luckily for you and me, I'm now on summer vacation, which means I'll be updating regularly. I'm rambling again. Enjoy.**

"This is your captain speaking. We will be passing through a large area of turbulence, so I'm going to keep the seat belt sign on probably for the rest of the night. If any of you need to use the lavatory, I suggest you go now."

I sighed. Now I had to get out of my seat, stand in the middle of the aisle for ten minutes, and then, finally, use the bathroom. I didn't have to go, but I preferred getting it over with now than having to hold it all night. With my seatbelt now unbuckled, I stood up and looked around.

Almost everyone had slept through the announcement, but some people still got out of their seats and went to the bathrooms at the front. I wasn't in the mood to wait in a queue, but, luckily for me, no-one went for the ones at the back. I immediately went for it, trying to jog as quietly as possible, so I wouldn't wake anybody up. I was in the clear, or so I thought as I saw someone leave their seat and head to the bathroom. That's fine, though; there are two lavatories in the back. I continued my speedy dash to the back. While he sluggishly jerked the door open, my eyes caught a glimpse of a small sign on the other door. _Out of order._ I must've stared at the sign too long because before I knew it, I had smashed straight into him. My landing wasn't too bad, but that was mostly because I landed on top of him.

"Oof," we both uttered. I turned my head to look at him and saw him looking back at me. He stared into my eyes for a second before chuckling.

"Most people would buy me dinner first," he said with a big grin.

I laughed and smiled back. We stared at each other for a couple of moments before I started standing up. He followed suit. As soon as I was back on my feet, he extended his hand.

"Joey," he said casually. I reached for his hand and shook it.

"Elizabeth. Liz for short," I responded with a smile.

"British? Classy," he said using a sarcastic rich jerk accent. I stuck my tongue out at him.

"American? How posh," I responded with an exaggerated southern accent. We both laughed quietly.

"Did you want to use the bathroom? Or did you want to talk with this handsome stud?" he asked, pointing at himself and smirking.

"Ugh," I said while rolling my eyes. We both giggled.

"Go on right ahead. I don't need to go anyway, I was just going to wash my hands," he told me, gesturing towards the lavatory door.

"Thank you so much," I responded, cocking a grin. He smiled back.

"See you later Liz," he told me as he walked away. As he did, he balanced himself on the wall and rubbed his temples. He was obviously dizzy, so I didn't disturb him anymore.

I went into the lavatory, shut the door, locked it, and got about doing my business. It was always weird for me going to the bathroom on a plane, so the pee did not come easily. Also, I get distracted with my phone while I'm in the bathroom, so I was a good thirty minutes in there. I had just turned off the tap in the sink when an explosion ripped through the cabin. The plane plunged wildly, like a rock falling to the ground. My body was propelled through the air and into the ceiling with a great force. My blood-curdling cry was overshadowed by the noise of the aircraft breaking apart while traveling at more than five-hundred miles per hour. Pinned to the ceiling, I tried breathing only to find that there wasn't any air to breath. At thirty five thousand feet, there just isn't enough oxygen for a person to consume. I gasped, but it felt as if I was drowning. The plane rocked from side to side fiercely. This sent me sailing across the small room. The mirror cracked as I barreled into it. My body was then flung into the ceiling again, this time throwing my phone into my face. My mouth was filled with the coppery taste of blood. The vicious cycle continued until I grabbed hold of the door handle. I held on tightly until I wedged myself between the toilet and the door, putting myself in a sitting position.

I tried taking a breath, this time actually breathing in air. It felt as thick as soup, a non-tasting yet succulent soup. I didn't know at the time, but the thicker air meant that the plane had descended a lot, and fast. The plane's dive became shallower. I thought that the pilots had finally wrestled the plane into control, but that later proved to be a lie when the plane impacted the water's surface. I was propelled, yet again, into the bulkhead, except this time I heard a sharp crack, followed by an intense pain in my lower abdomen. My screams filled the tiny room again, but this time they were interrupted by water flooding the entire aircraft.

As my entire body was submerged in freezing, mid-Atlantic water, my first instinct was to hold my breath. When I was completely underwater, I opened my eyes. Seawater stung my eyes, but that was the least of my concerns. Fortunately, the impact had broken the lock on the door and opened it. Pushing my feet against the rear wall, I swam out of the lavatory and into the cabin. Luckily for me, the plane had broken into several pieces when it crashed. As I said, luckily for ME. Some passengers remained eerily still underwater, while others flailed uncontrollably, trying to escape their horrible predicament, unable to due to their injuries or the simply because they forgot how to undo an aircraft's seatbelt. My lungs started burning for air, so I carried on escaping the wreckage. As I continued crossing the cabin, one person in particular seized my foot as I passed his seat. Surprised, I looked over my shoulder and caught his stare. His eyes looked directly into mine. He conveyed pure horror, just through his eyes. He stared intently into my eyes before coming to terms with his demise. He let go of my foot and I looked back one more time, he seemed calmer, but I knew his face would haunt me for years.

Hurriedly looking for an exit, I noticed a break in the fuselage one

or two rows in front of me. Adrenaline kicked in, and I swam as fast as I could out of the plane. Finally, I managed to escape what remained of the airliner. Looking up, I was able to see the water's surface with help from the moonlight. With newfound energy, I swam quickly towards the surface. It seemed like hours, but I managed to approach the surface. I was only a mere three feet from the ocean's surface before my body started following its instincts. I needed to breathe. I opened my mouth to try to take a breath, only sucking in water. My body immediately started to spasm. I was drowning. I survived one of the most deadly disasters that can happen to a human being and _this _was the way I was going to die? Hell no! With the last ounce of strength I still had in me, I took one last stroke to the surface.

I broke the surface at last. I coughed out water heavily. A couple more seconds underwater and I would have lost consciousness. Scouring the water's surface, I laid eyes on a rather big, yellow brick floating in the water. The bold letters on the side told me what it was. _Life raft. _I swam towards it. When I reached it, I pulled on the red cord that stuck out the side. It inflated quickly into a hexagonal raft. I climbed in and laid down. The ocean was unusually calm. This time of year it would be extremely choppy, but today it was calm, just the normal currents passing by. I really didn't care about that. My body was drained of its vital energy. Before I could stop myself, I had fallen into a deep slumber.

After I turned away from the group, I just couldn't take it anymore. Every single person on that plane had died except me. Why? I wasn't special, yet I survived. I couldn't answer that, but the guilt still plagued me like a dreadful virus. There was a boulder on the small beach, so I sat on it. I knew that Hiccup and his friends were staring, but I didn't care. I placed my head in my hands and just stayed that way. I was thousands of miles from home, no-one survived the crash, and the whole world thought I was dead as well. Maybe someone else survived the crash and swam out of the wreck, only to drown because I wasn't there to help. This got me thinking about all the things I could've done. I could've picked another seat, that way I'd be dead altogether. Or better yet, I could have decided to spend Christmas with my mom and avoid this whole mess. There were a lot of things I could have done, but didn't.

I looked up. The morning sky was beautiful. I had woken up just after sunrise, which meant I was treated with a sky straight out of a painting. Pink, blue, and orange were intermixed with big, puffy clouds. The ocean, calm at this time of the day, reflected the scene almost perfectly. Momentarily, I forgot about everything and concentrated only on the scenery. That's when I noticed a yellow blip in the middle of it all. I squinted, trying to make out what it was. I didn't have my glasses on, so it took me a while to identify the strange object, but after a minute or two, I managed to determine what it was. It was a life raft. Someone survived! I rushed to the water's edge, trying to call out to whoever was there.

"Hey! Come here!" Nobody answered. I squinted harder, trying to see if there actually was someone in the raft. Suddenly, a big wave swept over the raft and flipped it. In the split seconds before it was completely capsized, I saw a limp figure go into the water and sink.

A surge of adrenaline took over. I dove into the water. I knew that

it was cold, but I was so focused on saving someone's life that I didn't feel a thing. Hiccup and his friends shouted after me, yet none of them got through to me. Eventually Hiccup dove into the water with me just to make sure I wasn't going to try something dangerous or stupid. He caught up to me quickly, probably because I was used to swimming in much warmer waters.

"Whatâ€¦ theâ€¦ hellâ€¦ areâ€¦ youâ€¦ doing?!" He managed to say as he pursued me. I was about to answer back when I felt someone's hand graze my left one, which was still underwater. I immediately stopped paddling forward and tried reaching deeper. My hand crawled a few inches until I wrapped it around the wrist of someone's arm. With all the might I could muster, I yanked the arm upwards. After what seemed an eternity, the person's head broke the surface.

I recognized the long, curly, red hair instantly. It was Elizabeth. Her eyes were closed and she had blood splayed all over her face, but I could care less right now. I knew that I had to get her and myself out of the near-freezing water. Hiccup, now realizing why I had dived into the ocean, hooked her right arm around his neck. I did the same thing with her left one. We paddled furiously towards the shore.

When we reached the shore, Hiccup's friends helped us take Liz further inland. We set her gently on the soft, white sand. Finally, she opened her dark blue eyes and looked straight into mine. She smiled slightly. Then she started convulsing.

Thanks for reading! Please leave a comment on how good (or bad) this chapter was. Next chapter will be up soon. Joeyespresso out.

End
file.